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McKean County Miner.

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Official Directory.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No., 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in Wells Hall.
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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Thursday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in Wells Hall, Thursday afternoons.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 83, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
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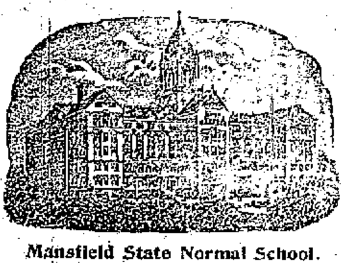

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AN HUMBLE [illegible]

[illegible] him, I say Sim Banks never [illegible] [illegible] that man's life."

Louisa turned a grateful [illegible] old man, and the tears [illegible] eyes.

"Thank you, Pap, [illegible] heart," she said. "It's [illegible] to know that Sim has [illegible] in all the world who will stand [illegible] defense to the last."

"An I will stand up for him, [illegible]. As long as there's [illegible] my body I'll defend Sim Banks [illegible] all the world, because I know [illegible] innocent man."

Jim Thorn stood with his head bent and his gaze fixed on the ground. He made no reply to anything Louisa or Pap said. Perhaps, for all that, he may have been honest in his expressed belief in Sim's guilt. There were others there who were. They could scarcely be blamed under the circumstances.

"You and I know Sim is innocent," Louisa said, laying her hand on Pap's arm, "even if all the world believes he's guilty."

"We do," Pap replied. "But we are not alone, Louecsy. Thar's others here who b'lieve Sim is innocent."

Louisa shook her head.

"But thar is," Pap insisted. "Sam Morgan, you b'lieve it, don't you?"

Sam's head dropped, and after hesitating a moment he turned and walked slowly away. It needed no words to tell what he thought. Pap was disappointed, but he said:

"Never mind, Louecsy. Sam Morgan is honest, an he can't help his opinions. Thar's one here, though, I know is with us. Jason Roberts, you don't b'lieve Sim Banks is guilty, do you?"

Jason [illegible] his head and hesitated, but [illegible]:

"I wish, Pap," he said in low tones, "that you hadn't asked me that. I don't want to tell you the truth and I can't tell you a lie."

Pap said no more. Two such keen disappointments were enough. Besides, if these two men were not friendly to Sim, where should he look for [illegible]?

The action of Sam and Jason cut Louisa to the heart. They had been among Sim's nearest friends, and [illegible]

"Come, Louecsy," Pap said. "This is [illegible]

[illegible] an that I went to [illegible] on earth. You [illegible] Lordy, Pap, I believe [illegible] say. Do you know [illegible] ever need a friend, go to [illegible]. He said I could trust you [illegible] on you."

"Lord!" [illegible] "Louecsy" an Pap's face [illegible] ed with pleasure.

"He did."

"My land, ain't that quare now! Who'd ever 'a' thought of Sim writin like that 'bout a old no 'count scrub like me? Waal, waal!"

"Sim thought a great deal of you, Pap, more than he thought of anybody else."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do. And it's true too."

"Waal, waal! Who'd 'a' thought sich a thing? A old played out plug like me, too—my, my! But I allus liked Sim. He was a pow'ful fine feller, Sim was; an a good, honest feller too. An Sim told you to come to me? Waal, I swan!"

"But I didn't have to come to you, did I? You came to me."

"That's quaire, too, ain't it? But it's all right, an now we understand each other, don't we?"

"I understand that Sim was right about you."

"I hope so, Louecsy, I hope so. And now I was jest a-thinkin 'bout somethin that I sorter felt like I ort to mention, but yit I didn't know exactly."

"What is it, [illegible]?"

"I dunno, Lo[illegible] I'm most afeerd I'll hurt your feelin[illegible]."

"No; speak out. I [illegible] mean to do that which is right."

"Then it is about Melvin [illegible] we know all that 'bout you an him, an I thought you [illegible]. I don't know, of [illegible]

[illegible]

they're doin when they marry.' You was too young to know your own heart."

[illegible] the consequence is I [illegible] and made myself [illegible]

[illegible] Don't you go to [illegible] Lord, thar's [illegible] an thar's no [illegible] happen yit. You [illegible] been hopeful [illegible] of these days [illegible] all your paths an suf[illegible] left behind."

"[illegible] Pap. It can't ever [illegible] world."

[illegible] You'll see."

[illegible] about me."

[illegible] I can't help it."

"[illegible] I understand all that. But, [illegible] are so, I 'lowed you [illegible] 'bout givin folks no [illegible] for sich things than you [illegible], so I reckoned you'd ruther go to see Melvin when ever'body wa'n't [illegible] see you."

"Yes; I would. But can I?"

"Shore. If you jest wait till to-night, when ever'body's gone home, I'll take you thar. I'll arrange it with Hicks so's you can go in. That a-way nobody won't know nothin 'bout it, an nobody can't have nothin to say."

"Thank you, Pap. You are more than thoughtful and kind."

"Lord, that ain't nothin. Even if I didn't keer nothin for you I'd do that much jest to balk Mary Mann."

At the mention of that name Louisa shuddered. Pap noticed it and said:

"I reckon you ain't got much more love for that woman than I have."

"I despise her," Louisa replied.

"Most folks does. Lord, she made a plumb fool of herself over Sim."

"And I accused him of making love to her."

"Makin love to her! Sim Banks makin love to Mary Mann! My Lord, gal, what was you ever a-thinkin of? Why, Sim hated her wussin pizen."

"I know now that I was unjust."

"To be shore you was. But I reckon somebody told you somethin?"

"Yes."

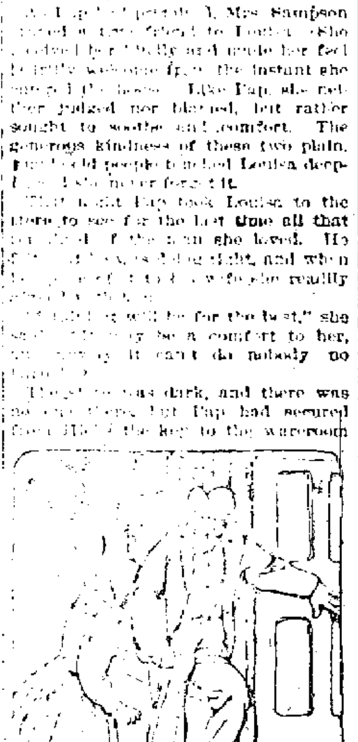
"That's the way it is—allus somebody fairly splittin their skins to git [illegible] up trouble. Sich people ort to have their tongues split an their legs [illegible]."

[illegible] Mrs. Sampson [illegible] to Louisa. She [illegible] and made her feel [illegible] welcome from the instant she [illegible]. Like Pap, she neither judged nor blamed, but rather sought to soothe and comfort. The generous kindness of these two plain, [illegible] people touched Louisa deeply. [illegible] never forgot it.

That night Pap took Louisa to the store to see for the last time all that [illegible] of the man she loved. He [illegible] doing right, and when [illegible] really [illegible].

"[illegible] will be for the best," she [illegible] be a comfort to her, [illegible] it can't do nobody no [illegible]."

[illegible] was dark, and there was no one there but Pap had secured from Hicks the key to the wareroom



"Now you can go in."

where the body lay. Leaving Louisa on the outside, he opened the door and went in and struck a light. Then he came back to her and whispered.

"Now you can go in, an I s'pose you'd ruther go alone?"

"Yes," she replied.

She passed through the door, and Pap waited on the outside. What transpired in that room no one save Louisa ever knew. The door stood partially open, and Pap might have looked in, but he would not have done such a thing for the world.

A quarter of an hour passed, and then Louisa came out. Pap saw that she was very pale, but perfectly calm. Without a word he put out the light and closed the door, and in perfect silence they walked back home.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LITTLE NEIGHBORLY GOSSIP.

One day Hi Jenkins and Jonathan [illegible] rode over to Beckett's Mill to see about selling some hogs. It was one of the days when Hi's [illegible] workin on him, so he was [illegible] humor. Naturally [illegible] that followed Hi [illegible] on the murder of [illegible] of Sim, [illegible]

[illegible]

"An he never cheeped a word to you 'bout nothin he'd done nor nothin?"

"Nary a word. If I'd been kinder inquisitive, like some folks, an had 'a' pried into him, I mought 'a' found out somethin. But, Lord, I ain't no hand to ask questions, you know, an when a feller acts like he don't want to tell nothin, I jest let him alone."

"Didn't you ask him nothin?"

"Scarcely a thing. When he come up thar fust that day, I sorter flung out one or two little questions, but I see right away he didn't want to answer nothin, so I jest quit. Land, I ain't no hand to try to make people tell things anyhow whether they want to or not."

There was an oppressive silence after this, a silence during which there was much thinking. But Turner was blissfully ignorant of the trend of thought. He did not even suspect it when he saw a smile on more than one face.

"An 'bout that feller over to your house, Hi?" Hicks remarked questioningly.

"He ain't thar no more," Hi replied.

"Gone away?"

"Yes; went yistedy."

"I'd say't."

"Yes; he got so'd he didn't 'pear to be satisfied no more, so yistedy he packed up an put out."

"Wa'n't satisfied with the 'commerdation you give him?" Turner asked. "Them fellers mostly ain't satisfied with nothin."

"Oh, it wa'n't that, I guess. Leastwise he never made no fuss 'bout his 'commerdations."

"What ailed him, then, you reckon?"

"I dunno, I'm shore. Jest seemed to 'a' got sorter restless an uneasy an couldn't be still nowhar. When he wa'n't asleep, he was all the time movin about, either trapsin round over the woods or else walkin backards an for'ards across the yard. I've seed him walkin out thar in the yard for hours, jest goin to an fro, to an fro, till it wore me clean out. It got so's he done it of nights jest the same, an lots of times I've waked up way long towards mornin an seed him at it. Then thar was a kin' of a skeered look in his eyes; an at ever' little noise he'd jump an look round like he'd been shot. I never see nobody do like he done."

"By grab, it was funny, wa'n't it?"

"Looked that a-way to me shore."

"What you reckon was the matter of him, Hi?"

"I ain't no notion, Jake."

"I bet it was that murder done it," Sam Morgan said. "Don't you all reckon it was?"

"Lord, I don't see how that murder could 'a' had anything to do with it," Hi replied. "The murder wa'n't nothin to him noway, an he didn't know Melvin nor Sim Banks nuther. Guess he never see nuther of 'em 'less he see Melvin that day he was lyin here a cawpse."

"He did see him that day," Sam said, "an he acted sorter quaire too. I was a-watchin him when he went up to whar the cawpse lay, an, for all he'd been so cool out thar in the woods, the second his eyes fell on that dead face he turned right white an put his hand up to his heart, then looked round right quick, like he wondered if anybody'd seen him. Guess he must be one of them kind of people that's easy teched by anything like that."

"Must be if he done that a way," old Hi replied. "My sirs, it don't make no difference to me to look at a dead feller, an I'd jest as soon tech him as not."

"Lord, Hi, not if he'd been killed?"

"Yes, sir, even if he'd been killed."

"By grab, I wouldn't. They say if you tech a feller that's been murdered that a way he'll come to you three nights hand runnin and stan' by your bed an look at you."

"Wonder if that's so?" Jim Thorn asked.

"By grab, they say it is, shore, an I can tell you right now I don't want no dead fellers pesterin round me of nights."

"Lord, you bet I don't. I don't want nothin to do with them ha'nts an fixin's, an I ain't never goin to tech nobody that's been killed, you bet, even if they never are teched."

"Shucks, you fellers don't know what you're talkin 'bout. Say, you all jest wait till you've seed dead men as I've seed 'em, lyin round on a battlefield jest ever'whar." Thus spoke Ebenezer Sparks, the warrior bold. "Lord a-mighty, I've fit into many a battle whar men were jest a-drappin all round me so thick that I couldn't move 'thout steppin on a lot of 'em. My land, I wa'n't skeered of techin 'em, an they never come back of nights to pester round ha'ntin of me, nuther."

"It wa'n't that a-way that time when you went into Hicks' cellar to whup the battle, was it, Ebenezer?" Jason Roberts asked.

Ebenezer flashed angry.

"Doggone it all," he cried, "ain't I never goin to hear the last of that dad burned old cellar? Ever' time I mention any a word 'bout when I fit into the war some blame fool has got to go to work an drag that dod blasted old cellar in."

"Waal, we want to show a intrust in your war record, Ebenezer, an that's the only battle we ever see you fight in, so that's all we got to speak 'bout."

"Waal, you needn't pester 'bout showin no intrust, then. I'd ruther you wouldn't."

"Say," Sam Morgan called, "don't you reckon Sim Banks has a ha'nt?"

"Of co'se he has," Thorn replied, "an, say, fellers, I bet it pesters him jest awful."

"To be shore," Turner agreed.

"Speakin of Sim Banks 'minds me of somethin," Hi said. "Reckon ain't none of you uns hearn nothin of Sim sence he went away?"

"Nary a word," Hicks answered.

"Quaire them officers don't find out nothin 'bout him, ain't it?"

"'Tis so. Guess they've hunted round all over ever'whar most an they ain't found hair nor hide of him."

"S'pose he must 'a' gone clean off somewhar."

"Looks like it. You know he left a note for his woman sayin he war a-goin away an wa'n't never comin back no more?"

"I hearn he did."

"But she don't b'lieve it."

"Don't she?"

"Not now, she don't. She b'lieved it a right smart at fust, but Pap Sampson [illegible]

[illegible]

"I don't see nothin, but that's his talk."

"How's Sim's woman a-doin?"

"Kinder porely, I guess. She ain't livin here no more."

"That so?"

"Yes; she left the fust of the week."

"Whar'd she go?"

"Down to the county seat."

"What's she 'lowin to do down thar?"

"She reckoned she'd git into some work of some kind."

"An jest 'bout manage to go through ever'thing she's got."

"She ain't got nothin."

"Ain't? Why, I been hearin Sim left her all the land an ever'thing."

"He did, but she won't tech it."

"Won't? Why, say, what's the reason?"

"She 'lows it's his'n an she ain't no right to live it up. Says mebby some time he'll need it."

"Waal, I'll be smutched!"

"Then I guess she kinder wanted to git away from here anyhow. That 'bout her an Melvin started a good bit of talk, an I reckon she found it wa'n't none too pleasant a-stayin here."

"Nat'rally. How'd she take it 'bout Melvin bein killed? Did she carry on much?"

"Nary a bit that any of us seen. Guess she behaved plumb nice."

"Did she come to see the cawpse?"

Hicks hesitated for an instant. He knew from Pap Sampson about that night visit, but he had promised to keep it a secret.

"Waal, I didn't see her come," he said. "Any you fellers see her come?"

They all shook their heads.

"Some folks 'lowed she'd take on a heap over him an mebby give Sim fits too."

"Lord, she tuck right off for Sim. She jest acted for all the world like she keered more for him than anybody."

"It would 'a' been a moughty good thing if she'd 'a' tuck off for him sooner 'stid of foolin with that other feller, a-gittin him killed an puttin Sim into this mess."

"I reckon that's so, Hi, but I ain't never b'lieved Louecsy Banks aimed to do nothin wrong. She was jest sorter thoughtless, I guess."

"No, sir; it's jest like I've said time an ag'in, Jake. Whenever you go an send a gal off to them doggone colleges you jest nat'rally spile her for all time to come. By gosh, you jest as well take her out an knock her in the head. That's all in the world's the matter of Louecsy Banks."

"No, I 'low her an Sim jest nat'rally didn't suit."

"Co'se they didn't atter she'd gone down thar an tuck up a lot of doggone fool notions. They'd 'a' suited well enough if it hadn't been for that she 'lowed she'd got to have one of them white shirt fellers or she couldn't never be happy. It's that dad burn college done it all."

"Still, Hi, edication's a pow'ful good thing."

"Not for a gal, it ain't."

"Why?"

"Waal, she ain't got no use for it, an it's jest plumb shore to make a fool of her. Lord, a man, even, don't need so awful blame much edication to git on all right."

"You think so?"

"I know it. Take myself, for instance. I ain't never had no edication to speak of, yit see how I sot on to that jury that time. I managed 'bout runnin that court jest as well as any of them fellers down thar. If a feller's got it in him, he can git up in the world even if he ain't got no book l'arnin."

"Lord a-massy," Turner exclaimed, "speakin 'bout settin on to a jury 'minds me of somethin."

"What is it?" Jason asked.

"Why, if Sim's ever ketched they'll have to git a jury to try him, an I dunno but likely enough I'll git a chance to set on it."

CHAPTER XXII.

SIM RETURNS.

Pap Sampson, older by four years, a trifle grayer perhaps, but as active and alert as ever, sat on a fence at the side of the road leading into Beckett's Mill from the south. His attitude was such as to denote that he was absorbed in earnest thought, which he was. He was recalling scenes and events of past days and was so lost to the present as to be totally oblivious of everything about him. So unconscious of his surroundings was he that he was not even aware of the approach of two men, dusty and travel stained, who wearily plodded their way along the hard, white road.

Pap's thoughts were of Sim Banks and of the events attending Sim's de-

"Why, howdy, Pap Sampson!"

parture from Beckett's Mill. Though four years had passed since that time, Sim had never returned, and the people of Possum Ridge were no wiser as to his whereabouts than they had been the day he left. A large reward had been offered for his arrest, and the officials, stimulated by the hope of earning the money, had made strenuous efforts to locate him. But it had been all in vain. Now and then there had come reports to Beckett's Mill to the effect that Sim had been captured; but, as is usual with such reports, it always turned out a case of mistaken identity.

Pap was wondering where Sim could have gone to hide himself so completely and whether he was still among the living. He was wondering, too, whether if Sim still lived he would ever return to Possum Ridge and if he returned [illegible]

[illegible]

Pap started and looked quickly around, and his eyes falling on a bearded, sun tanned face, his mouth fell open and he stared in stupid amazement for almost a minute. [illegible]

Pap was down off the fence in the twinkling of an eye, and the next moment he had Sim by the hand, shaking it with a heartiness that was almost painful.

"Great land of Goshen!" he cried. "Who'd 'a' thought it? Lord a-massy! It's shore old Sim, ain't it?"

"I guess it is, Pap. Are you surprised to see me?"

"Surprised to see you! Why, Lord, I wouldn't be no more surprised if the sky was to drop. But think of the devil an he's shore to make his appearance, as the old sayin goes."

"Were you thinkin of me?"

"Jest been a-sittin thar on the fence a-wonderin whar you'd gone an what had 'come of you an if I was ever a gwine to git to see you any more. I was jest a-gwine over them thoughts when you moughty nigh skeered the life out of me by speakin to me that a-way. Land, don't hardly seem like it can be you, Sim."

"Don't it?"

"Shore it don't. But whar you been all these years?"

"I've been to the war, Pap."

"Great day in the mornin! You ain't been fightin into the army, have you?"

"Yes, I've done some fightin."

"But you wasn't killed, bless the Lord."

"Not quite."

"He came next thing to it, though," Sim's companion volunteered.

"Is that so?" Pap cried. "Waal, I'll be smitched! You come moughty nigh gittin killed?"

"Yes, I had a pretty close call once."

"Great land! Tell me all 'bout it, won't you, Sim?"

"Yes, but first you must tell me somethin, Pap. How is Louecsy?"

"Lord, ain't I a great old fool, a-runnin on here that a-way never a-thinkin 'bout what you'd nat'rally be jest a-dyin to know? Louecsy's well."

"Where is she—up at the old place?"

"La, no! She ain't lived thar sence you went away. She's down at town."

"What is she doin down there?"

"She's workin in a store to earn her livin."

Sim was surprised.

"To earn her livin?" he repeated.

Pap nodded his head.

"What's become of all the land I left her?" Sim asked.

"It's thar jest as it was. She ain't never teched a foot of it."

"Why?"

"Said it was your'n an she didn't deserve it."

Sim paused a moment, then said

"An Melvin?"

"Lord!" Pap exclaimed. "Don't you know?"

"No. Did he an Louecsy"—

"No. He was killed the day you left."

A queer expression came to Sim's face, an expression in which surprise and relief were blended.

"Didn't you know 'bout him bein killed?" Pap asked.

"No. I have never heard a word from home sence I went away, an I don't know anything that has happened. Who killed him?"

The man who came with Sim looked quickly up and appeared to wait eagerly for Pap's reply. It was then Pap noticed for the first time how pale and emaciated that man was.

"Who killed Melvin?" Sim repeated presently.

"I don't know," Pap answered. "The next mornin after you left Jim Thorn found the dead body in your woods with a bullet hole through it. He had been killed several hours then."

"And nobody knows who done it?"

Pap shook his head.

"Was nobody suspected?"

The old man turned away and began to thump his cane against the ground, but he made no reply. Sim saw that Pap's action meant something, and he began to put a few things together. He remembered that he had gone into those woods with his gun about the time the killing must have occurred and then had disappeared. He remembered also the threat he had made that day in Mrs. Mann's wheatfield. Recalling these things and noting Pap's behavior, he was quick enough to suspect the truth. Pale, but firm, he said:

"Pap, was anybody suspected of killin Melvin?"

The old man hesitated still, but finally he replied:

"Thar mought 'a' been, Sim; yes, I'm afeard thar mought 'a' been. But, Sim, I ain't never suspected nobody."

"I know, Pap. But who did the others suspect?"

Again Sim's companion leaned eagerly forward and seemed to await Pap's reply. After a short pause the old man said slowly:

"You know, Sim, thar's allus some people ready to suspect anything bad of a body if they've got a ghost of a reason. I—le's go on home, Sim. I guess you must be tired an hungry."

"No, Pap, not now. You must tell me the truth."

"Oh, Lord, Sim, I can't tell you no more."

"Yes, you can tell me who was suspected."

"I'd ruther not."

"Then it's true, Pap. It is me?"

Pap remained silent.

"Tell me," Sim insisted, "is it me?"

"I'm afeard so, Sim; yes, I'm afeard thar's some as thinks it was you. But I don't think it."

Sim had known what was coming, but Pap's admission was a hard blow for all that. His head drooped, and an expression of bitter pain came over his features. Pap saw and understood and, placing his hand on Sim's shoulder, said consolingly:

"But I don't b'lieve it, Sim, an nobody'll ever make me b'lieve it for a minute if they sw'ar to it on a stack of Bibles—never."

The old man's act and words did Sim good. It was a great comfort to know that he had one true friend at least.

"I know, Pap," he said, "that I can always trust you. You'll stand by me to the last."

"That's what I will, Sim, 'cause I know you're not guilty."

"An thar's others," Sim said. "Thar's Sam Morgan an Jason Roberts. They'll never b'lieve me guilty either, will they, Pap?"

Pap was seriously troubled, and he showed it.

"Sim," he said, "I know you uns must be tired an hungry. Le's go on home an talk afterwards."

"No," Sim replied; "I want to know the truth, the whole bitter truth. So [illegible]

Pap raised his hand instantly, and a beam of pleasure lighted his face.

"No, Sim," he interrupted, "don't you say that. Louecsy don't b'lieve it, never has b'lieved it. [illegible]"

"Thank God!" Sim cried fervently. "If she don't b'lieve it, I don't care what anybody else thinks."

"[illegible] God's truth. She don't. An now we've said enough for this time, so [illegible] home."

But Sim did not move, [illegible] become deeply thoughtful. [illegible] he said:

"I don't know what I had [illegible]. This is all so new an unexpected [illegible] If I [illegible] home [illegible]"

In his excitement Pap had [illegible] forgotten this, but he knew it [illegible]. If Sim's presence in the village [illegible] known, he would certainly be arrested, and then the gallows, or at least state prison, would no doubt [illegible] him.

"You had better hide somewhere till night," he said anxiously, "[illegible] away again. That is the best [illegible] do now."

But Sim deliberated a long time, [illegible] said slowly:

"Maybe you're right, Pap, but [illegible] know. A body [illegible] or in prison [illegible] the earth [illegible] friends [illegible] thin. [illegible] or thanks, I [illegible]"

"I know it [illegible] assuringly. "[illegible] courts [illegible] won't [illegible]"

"Maybe not [illegible] a pause, "but I'm innocent, an I'm [illegible] to stay."

"But think, Sim, of"

"I have thought [illegible] going to stay an face [illegible]"

Then Sim's companion [illegible] tened intently [illegible] again [illegible] Sim [illegible] he said earnestly:

"And you'll never be hurt, Sim. [illegible] a hair of your head [illegible] be touched."

Pap Sampson [illegible] don't [illegible]

"How do you know [illegible]"

"It doesn't [illegible] the other [illegible] that is [illegible]"

"What are you [illegible] know 'bout this [illegible]" [illegible] tioned.

"My name is Thompson [illegible] Sim Banks' friend. I [illegible] friend since that day [illegible] life at the risk of his own."

"That was nothin," Sim said. "Anybody would have done as I did."

"Anybody would have rushed into that hail of shot and shell after our men had retreated and carried a wounded comrade off the battlefield to save him from the enemy? You'll never make me believe any such thing. Nobody can ever make me believe that there's another man in the world besides Sim Banks who was brave enough to have done it."

"My Lord, Joe, I'd been a brute if I hadn't done it," Sim protested, "a plumb cowardly brute. You make so much over a little no 'count thing like that."

"It may seem of no account to you, but it doesn't to me, I can tell you. I guess it didn't seem so to the men who saw it either, judging from the way they cheered you. Why, even the enemy cheered."

"I didn't hear it," Sim said

"No, you were too busy trying to get me out of that awful place. I guess you didn't even hear the bullets whizzing round your head like a swarm of bees?"

"I didn't."

"Well, I heard them, you can just bet. It was just like a hailstorm broken loose. I know I thought every second we'd both be killed, and I can't understand why we weren't. I begged you to leave me and save yourself if you could, and you wouldn't do it."

"Oh, waal, Joe, le's let that alone. I'm plumb tired of hearin of that fool thing. It ain't worth kickin up so much fuss about."

"Well, that's just your opinion, Sim. Other people see it differently. Then there is the way you looked after me for weeks while I was in hospital. My father, no brother, my own mother even, could not have been more careful of me. I remember it all, Sim, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

"Waal, that's all right, Joe," Sim said, "but I'm tired an hungry, so le's not say no more 'bout no sich of it. I'll go to his house an rest a bit. [illegible] I'll go an give myself up."

"You'll not give yourself up to [illegible] nor this night, Sim," Pap [illegible] flatly. "You'll have [illegible] If I know myself [illegible] I do, for if they git you into [illegible] won't have no rest thar."

"No, but it's all right, Pap. I'm [illegible] to take [illegible] I reckon it don't matter [illegible] is. I ain't got anything to live for [illegible] more nohow, an I [illegible] dead as not."

"But you'll never be [illegible]" other said. "Don't you think [illegible] a hair of your head [illegible]"

Pap Sampson [illegible] the speaker, saw [illegible] not observed before and [illegible] ishment unthoughtedly cried.

"My Lord, stranger, you're [illegible] to live long."

Thompson smiled.

"I know it," he said, "[illegible] I only want to do one thing [illegible] then I'm done, and I'll live [illegible] yes, I'll live to do it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Near the Popping Point.

"Mary," said her father, "you have been keeping company with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination."

"Oh, father, how can you talk so! He is, oh, so sweet and nice!"

"Ah!" And the fond father raised his eyebrows. "Sweet and nice, is he? Has he proposed?"

"Well, father, not exactly." And the girl hung her head and fingered the drapery of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed; but, then, last evening when we were out walking we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I'm going to live in some day,' and I said, 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me and squeezed my hand. Then, just as we got by, I glanced back at the cottage, and—and I squeezed his hand!"

"Oh, ah, I see!" said her father. "Well, we'll try him another week or two."—London Answers.

Meant Well, but Made Him Nervous.

Mr. Fijjit: Please don't send that messenger boy who stutters up to [illegible]

[illegible] Columbus Ohio State Journal.

His Training.

"How did [illegible]

[illegible] been inoculated."

"No. I didn't [illegible]"—Indianapolis News.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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THE MINER, one year, $1.25; six months 6[illegible] cents; three [illegible]

THE MINER [illegible] Weekly Tribune, one year, $1.50.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1901.

Republican Ticket.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. W. BOYD,
of Bradford.

FOR CORONER,
B. H. HALL, M. D.,
of Bradford.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
B. G. BARTLE,
of Port Allegany.

PIERRE LORILLARD, the noted tobacco man and turfman, died at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on Sunday last, aged nearly 68 years.

THE State Department has received the amount of the American Indemnity claim against Turkey, $95,000 through the American legation at Constantinople.

McKEAN county will be a separate judicial district with Hon. T. A. Morrison president judge as soon as Governor Stone places his signature to the bill, which he will undoubtedly do in a short time.

A LARGE tract of land in Oklahoma will be opened to settlers on August 6, and large crowds of would-be settlers are rushing into that territory. Undoubtedly a great many of these people will be disappointed in getting a free farm!

THE Democrats have it in their power to name the next treasurer of McKean county.—McKean Democrat. Yes, Brother Lindsley, they can name the next treasurer of this county by endorsing A. W. Boyd, the popular Republican nominee.

THE Pittsburg Dispatch has made public the extraordinary fact that during the presidential campaign last year Aguinaldo sent a messenger to William Jennings Bryan offering to surrender unconditionally in case a Democratic president was elected and proposing a contribution of $100,000 from the Philippine revolutionary treasury to the Democratic election funds. This remarkable disclosure seems to throw a strong light on the real attitude of the insurgent government and its leaders toward the United States.

WORD comes from Harrisburg to the effect that the appropriations of the late Legislature will not be all approved by the Governor, for the very good reason that enough funds will not be available, by at least $1,000,000, to go around, says the Bradford Era. The Homeopathic Hospital for the Insane will probably be the institution to suffer on account of the lack of funds. However, it is expected that enough money will be set apart to provide for starting the work at this hospital, leaving it for the future to finish. The school appropriations and those for charitable institutions, throughout the State, excepting the one projected by the Homeopaths, will probably receive the amounts appropriated to them.

A "Human Torch" Burned.

A Sunbury press dispatch dated July 9 says: High in the air, his body enveloped and hidden in flames, George Devan climbed hand over hand, 40 feet of wire cable, while 3,000 men, women and children alternately prayed, screamed, cried or fainted at the sight. When he did reach safety he was burned so that his recovery is doubtful.

Devan calls himself a traveling aerialist, and goes about the country giving exhibitions for the money he can collect in a hat from the crowd. His feat is to make a long slide down an inclined cable, holding on to a trolley wheel by his teeth, and then made a high dive into a pool of water. It is ordinarily inspiring and exciting to the beholder, but this time he determined to add to it in a spectacular way. He advertised that he would make a human torch of himself when the dive was made.

An immense crowd gathered at the spot and beheld Devan enveloped in petroleum soaked cotton from head to foot. He had fastened 60 feet of heavy wire cable 50 feet high in the air at one end and 30 feet at the other. Over this ran the trolley wheel.

When the time came to perform his act Devan climbed to the highest part of the cable, placed the trolley in his teeth and just as he launched forth touched a lighted match to his costume. As he swung off the flames shot up and nothing could be seen of him. For 40 feet he slid with lightning swiftness, and it would all have been over in a second, if, within 20 feet of the lower end, the trolley had not caught in three broken strands of cable. They held the little wheel, while Devan swung to and fro 40 feet above the heads of the crowd, the cotton blazing fiercely. Men called upon him to jump, while the screams of the women were above everything else. But this would have meant sure death upon the rocks, and it looked as if the man would burn alive, when he reached up, grasped the cable and began to go to the starting point hand over hand. The ascent was slow.

To the staring, breathless crowd below it seemed as if it would last forever. Several times it appeared as if he was weakening as the flames began to eat into his flesh and the fumes of the kerosene got into his lungs. But he was plucky and at last managed to gain the little platform from which he started. Here he braced himself and tore away the fragments of the cotton still unburned, and then climbed down to the ground where he fainted. He was at once removed to the hospital.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 8, 1901.

Secretary Gage will, as usual, remain on duty all the summer, with only an occasional day's outing. He is one of the few persons that prefer to take their vacations when the weather is not warm. He moved today to the suburban residence, that was purchased and occupied by Mr. Cleveland when he was President, where he will spend his nights and Sundays until the return of cool weather. Secretary Hitchcock and his family are still in Washington and expect to remain until about the first of August.

Postmaster General Smith, having had his idea of a thorough revision of the rules regulating second class mail matter approved by President McKinley and his fellow members of the Cabinet, is giving his personal attention to the revision and his long experience in the newspaper business has fitted him to do the work well. It is not intended that a single legitimate publication shall be hurt by this revision, but the many fake publications, which have been enabled to make money solely because they have been allowed to send their papers and books through the mails at one cent a pound, instead of eight cents a pound, which they are likely to have to pay under the new regulations, will be hit hard, and there is no doubt of their deserving to be hit hard. The Postmaster General has received many assurances of support in his effort to save many million dollars by shutting out of second class mail privileges publications that should not be entitled to them, from prominent editors of papers of false political shades, and he is confident that his action will be supported by practically all of the legitimate papers and periodicals of the country, not only because it will save a lot of money—the revenue from second class matter is less than $4,000,000 a year, while it costs $60,000,000 a year—but because every legitimate publisher is interested in shutting out fake publications.

Representative Mudd of Maryland thinks the Republicans will be able to elect Senator Wellington's successor—his friends think he has a chance to be the man. He said: "The Legislature is now Republican. A portion of the Senate and all of the House will step down. The Democrats will have a slight advantage in the number of hold-overs in the Senate, but the chances are in our favor, notwithstanding the new ballot law, the object of which is disfranchisement of illiterates. In every county in the state Republicans are waging an educational campaign, and by ballot time many of those now practically disfranchised will know how to mark the tickets. The difficulty confronting Republicans is not as great as we anticipate. Although the matter of the Republican candidate for the Senate has taken no definite shape as yet the convention which will meet in Baltimore August 6th will probably not instruct. The Republican policy has been against instruction. It is thought to be better to suppress agitation along that line until after the election.

A historic relic was shipped from Washington to the Buffalo exposition several days ago that will have more than a passing interest for thousands of visitors. It is an old shoe, eighteen inches long and seven inches wide, that was made by the father of General U. S. Grant, and was for several years previous to the civil war a part of the sign in front of the tannery of Grant & Perkins of Galena, Ills.

President McKinley announced before leaving Washington that he would issue the proclamation declaring free trade between the United States and Porto Rico on and after July 25th, in accordance with a resolution adopted by the Porto Rican legislature, as soon as he gets an official copy of the resolution to Canton.

The erroneous idea seems to have gone abroad in connection with the official statement that the Commissioner of Patents and the Assistant Commissioner would grant no hearings during July and August, that the work of the entire Patent Office was suspended. Speaking of the matter, a member of the firm of C. A. Snow & Co., patent lawyers, which probably does more business before that office than any other firm, said: "Very few applications for patent, perhaps not more than one in a hundred, will be delayed by the fact that the Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner of Patents will take a long rest this summer. The vast majority of cases are decided by the one hundred and forty examiners without appeal to the Commissioner in persons."

Regret over the resignation of Mr. Charles G. Dawes and Comptroller of the Currency, which has been tendered to take effect Oct. 1 is by no means confined to official circles. He has filled a most difficult position in a manner highly creditable to himself and satisfactory to the business world, but in view of the fact that he purposes beginning an active canvass for a seat in the Senate early in the fall, it is felt that his course in resigning was wise. The talk about his being the administration candidate for the Senate is ridiculous. The administration has no candidate for the Senate in Illinois or any other state.

THE 48th judicial district now consists of McKean county, Hon. T. A. Morrison, Judge. Potter county is the 55th judicial district, Hon. A. J. Olmsted, judge. In the judicial reapportionment act, as it relates to Potter county, there is a clerical error which makes it the 56th district, but the error is so manifestly a slip of the pen that it is not expected to make any serious difference. The 56th judicial district consists of Carbon county and it has a judge of its own. It may be necessary, if objections are raised on account of the error, for Gov. Stone to appoint Judge Olmsted to fill out his unexpired term. Judge Olmsted has one and one-half years to serve. —Bradford Era.

You may as well expect to run a steam engine without water as to find an active, energetic man with a torpid liver and you may know that his liver is torpid when he does not relish his food or feels dull and languid after eating, often has headache and sometimes dizziness. A few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will restore his liver to its normal functions, renew his vitality, improve his digestion and make him feel like a new man. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at L. K. Hogarth & Co.'s drug store, opposite court house.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Hats for Horses.

The Washington Humane Society has been advocating the bonneting of draught horses, and has been so far successful that most of the horses used by large business firms in that city are now going about with bonnets on their heads. The headgear in question is of straw, shaped like a farmer's hat, with two holes for the ears of the horse and a brim wide enough to shade the eyes. It is tied neatly under the throat and may or may not have a damp sponge in the crown to keep the head of the animal cool.

The old fashioned farmer may be inclined to laugh at this innovation and declare that when he has any old hats to throw away he will put them on his scarecrows, but, after all, it is cheaper to buy a ten cent hat (actual cost) than to convey the horse to the stable when it has a sunstroke, and such an occurrence is by no means uncommon in any city during the hottest part of a summer day. The hat will last for a considerable time, not being likely to go out of fashion or blow into the river, and it may save serious injury to a valuable animal.

However, conditions in the city of to-day are widely different from those of an old-fashioned farm. Large cities are comparatively modern affairs. Asphalt and stone-paving, ten-story, not to say twenty-story buildings, and the multifarious exactions of modern commerce were undreamed of not so very long ago. In old Edinburgh and London there were no ice carts, no delivery wagons, no wagons of any kind worth mentioning. When people bought anything they or their servants carried it home; refuse was left to accumulate indefinitely in front of the door, there to remain until there was a fire; the intricate network of business enterprise which invests the modern city was absolutely non-existent. The horse has only yesterday, as the history of the world goes, been introduced to conditions foreign and trying to him in the extreme. In his new environment he must trot all day over hard pavement, in the sun, between rows of tall buildings or stand in the street for hours at a time with the sun beating down on him and the racket of wheels, street cars and clattering hoofs all about him. Other animals are apt to die when transplanted to this environment; the horse lives, but his nervous system, almost human in its delicacy and complexity, is put under a severe strain. He can no more adapt himself to these conditions unaided by alleviations devised by man than he can go unshod over the pavements as the mustang does on the prairie.

From a purely economic point of view it may be argued, therefore, that if the nervous strain on the horse in a city can be lessened he will last longer and do more work. It is not necessary to dwell upon his sufferings if no steps are taken to make him comfortable, for the subject is rather a painful one, and the economic argument alone is enough. A horse is very much like a man in his inclinations and capabilities. If he is contented and free from nervous worry he will work hard and not feel it half as much as if he is continually harassed by petty torments. Horsemen know how quickly the temper of a horse is spoiled by teasing, and of all the things that irritate, worry, torment and madden anything that has nerves, intense heat is perhaps the most effective. It was said once that the temperature of the infernal regions would alone account for the character of their ruler if he had to live there all the year round. Heat in the crowded and noisy streets of a city, beating down upon the unprotected head of horse or man, causes, in a limited number of cases, fatal prostration, and in numerous instances induces exhaustion, nervousness, irritability, bad temper and loss of vitality. When the horse wears a hat those evils are to some extent averted. The hat is a good investment.

Civil Rule in the Philippines.

Philadelphia Press.

The ceremonies which inaugurated civil rule in the Philippines July 4th complete the first stage in the discharge of the task imposed on the United States by the battle of Manila.

A generation hence there will be no doubt of the wisdom and necessity of the work done and, as the new civil governor of the archipelago, Judge Taft, said in his inaugural, all classes will agree in seeing in yesterday's ceremony the beginning of a new national life. Resistance is over. Long before many were predicting two years ago, the United States is withdrawing its troops. A mere garrison is left. Peace exists in all but five provinces. The entire machinery of civil government has now superseded military rule.

Difficulties have environed the task. They have been met without severity. No provocation has led to cruelty. Neither execution or banishment sullies the record. No private soldiers have been held in imprisonment. Universal amnesty has been granted. No burden of military expense has been jealously kept for insular purposes.

This policy, magnanimous but firm, has triumphed. For the first time the islands have known law and justice. The Supreme Court has its Chief Justice a Filipino. Filipinos share in all the administration. The colonial laws extend self-government in every direction. Local rule has been established wherever possible. Education has had an unexampled support. Over 1,000 teachers are being sent from this country to begin education in English and $1,000,000 is devoted to this end, an unprecedented effort to raise the level of an entire people.

Throughout the sedulous purpose to create at the earliest moment self government in the archipelago has been steadfastly maintained. No equal task in modern colonial history has moved onward so swiftly or with such apparent success. Compared with English delay in South Africa, the long French struggle in Algeria or the slow century long development in India, the inauguration of civil government yesterday in Manila meets every pledge with which the burden of the islands was assumed, and surpasses every past colonial record.

For Sale.

A house, two lots and a barn on Water street. Call on or address

PETER MILLER,
24-tf Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Correspondence.

LARABEE.

The Larabee Cornet band drove to Mt. Jewett on the morning of the Fourth and furnished music for the celebration there. That the people of the mountain city appreciate good music is evident by the many expressions of commendation bestowed upon our band boys for their cleverness in rendition. The boys speak very highly of the people and the generous hospitality extended them.

We would inform Editor Laymon of the Port Allegany Reporter that the Larabee mosquito is not so much in evidence as formerly, for during the forenoon of the Fourth many of the pet ones about the depot were taken suddenly and violently ill, and uttering a heartrending shriek, followed by one long convulsive shudder, expired. Query—Why?

Ronald McDonald has severed his connections at the Chadwick House in this place and returned to Cross Forks. The best wishes of his many friends here accompany him.

Miss Orrie Campbell of Smethport was guest of Mrs. D. Daily Monday while en route to Port Allegany to officiate as bridesmaid at the Lynch-Donigan wedding Wednesday.

Alex. Champlin, who for the past two years has been stopping at Harbor Springs, Mich., arrived in town on Thursday and is enroute for his home in Coryville.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Foster have returned from their labors at Newell and are now spending the summer in their residence in town.

Mrs. Nellie Bills and children of Smethport, and Mrs. Addie Barclay of Slack Hollow were in town Monday.

O. W. Taylor, wife and sons, Edward and Glenn, of Turtle Point were guests of relatives Thursday.

Mrs. Wm. Gabula and son, Guy, of Eldred were guests of relatives in town Saturday and Sunday.

The many friends of Mrs. Almon Carpenter will regret to hear that she is suffering with neuritis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Crandall and daughter, Cecil, were guests at Turtle Point Thursday evening.

Messrs. Bruce Whiting and Jerome Stull of Turtle Point were seen on our streets Thursday.

Mrs. N. B. Evans and Miss May Ganung took in the celebration at Smethport on the Fourth.

Josie Lovin was called to Rochester, N. Y., Wednesday by the illness of his cousin.

Miss Ada Windsor is home from a week's visit among friends in Port Allegany.

Will Johnson of Galeton was a pleasant caller in town Thursday.

Miss Malinda Wedell of Turtle Point was in town Monday.

CLERMONT.

A sad accident occurred some time ago causing the death of a 16 months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. William Mesler of this place. The mother was out of the house at the time and the little one walked up close to the stove and in some manner pulled a teakettle of boiling water onto itself, scalding itself severely with the above result. The funeral was held on Wednesday, July 3rd, Rev. Tubbs of Colegrove officiating. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of all in their sad affliction.

Simon Callahan of Clermont and Miss Sarah Bigley of Brockwayville were united in marriage last week, returning to Clermont on Saturday where they will make their home. A very fine reception was held at Patrick Callahan's, a brother of the groom, and it was in the small hours of the morning before the many invited guests returned to their homes and all unite in wishing the happy couple a long and blissful wedded life.

A painful accident happened a week ago to Chas. Turney, ticket agent of the P., S. & N. at this place. While transferring freight from a box car in some way a heavy barrel fell, striking his knee with such force as to break and dislocate his kneecap. Dr. John Kane was summoned and reduced the fracture, and the patient is now doing very well.

A house belonging to John McCready was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday evening June 30th. No one was home at the time and before anyone arrived the fire had made such headway that nothing could be saved, and in less than an hour nothing was left but a smouldering heap. The house was insured by Mandeville & Co for $500.

The monotony of our quiet town has been broken by a marriage boom and now Chas. Fleming is no more—a single man, having returned Friday with a wife, formerly Miss Katie Daily of Centreville, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Fleming have the best wishes of all.

The 4th of July passed off very quietly in our little town. The majority of the people hied themselves away to places where more elaborate celebrations were held, noticeably were visitors to Smethport, St. Marys and Ridgway.

Dame Rumor has it that there will be more weddings in the near future.

Geo. Hauben and family visited Marvindale friends Sunday last.

John L. Bayer transacted business at Smethport on Monday.

F. H. Reed visited Olean on a business mission Saturday last.

Glen Farr of Smethport is in town visiting relatives and friends.

The Best Remedy for Stomach and Liver Troubles.

"I have been in the drug business for twenty years and have sold most all of the proprietary medicines of any note. Among the entire list I have never found anything to equal Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for all Stomach and bowel troubles," says O. W. Wakefield, of Columbus, Ga. "This remedy cured two severe cases of cholera morbus in my family and I have recommended and sold hundreds of bottles of it to my customers to their entire satisfaction. It affords a quick and sure cure in a pleasant form." For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co., opposite court house.

Pennsylvania Railroad Special Rates to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

During the continuance of the Pan American Exposition, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Smethport to Buffalo and Niagara Falls at the following rates:

	Buffalo	Niagara Falls
5 day limit, sold Tuesdays and Saturdays not good in parlor or sleeping cars	$3.00	$3.50
15 day limit, good in parlor or sleeping cars	3.80	4.30
Season, final limit November 30, 1901	4.35	5.15

Additional information may be had upon application to ticket agents.

During last May an infant child of our neighbor was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctors had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days time the child had fully recovered. The child is now vigorous and healthy. I have recommended this remedy frequently and have never known it to fail.—MRS. CURTIS BAKER, Bookwalter, Ohio. Sold by L. K. Hogarth & Co., opposite court house.

Strayed.

Fifteen Jersey grade yearling heifers and one steer belonging to E. K. Kane strayed from pasture near Mt. Alton about June 1st. A suitable reward will be given for the return or for information leading to the recovery of the same. Address J. W. Moore, Kushequa, Pa.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT and SMOKE Your Lifeaway!
You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking NO-TO-BAC, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 500,000 cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and advice FREE. Address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York. 437

P. N. Corsets.

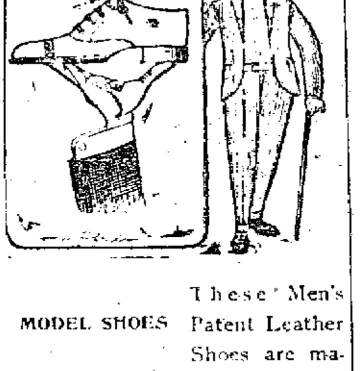
P. N. Corsets new style and color 75 cents each.

Three thread Black Cat Hose for the Children 15c or 2 for 25c. We have the above in better grade and with leather knees for boys at 25c a pair. Black Cat silk finished hose for ladies and gentlemen in red, black and blue, try a pair satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Summer underwear for ladies and gentlemen.

Our Groceries are selected with care as to quality and price. We can serve your wants to [illegible]

J. COLEGROVE.
106 Main Street.



MODEL SHOES

These Men's Patent Leather Shoes are machine made, of course, but each pair has received the attention of skilled workmen and is more stylish and comfortable than if entirely made by hand.

AT $3.00 & $4.00.

there is no shoe made to equal them. It is a standard of quality. Don't put your feet into anything inferior.

Anderson & Carlson
SMETHPORT PA.

THE PLUMBER must visit OR THE DOCTOR the home at some time. The choice rests with you.

Better decide upon the plumber. It will be better and cheaper.

PLUMBING

work done by us promotes good health. Leaves no place for entry of disease. Every job is as carefully done as though a life depended on it.

Palmer & Strong,
UNION 'PHONE 24. REILLY BLOCK. Smethport.

EDINBORO
State Normal School
RECOGNIZED 1861.

A high grade school for teachers. Strong faculty. Fine library. Splendid environment. Expenses very moderate. Fall term begins September 10th, 1901.

Address, for catalogue,
John F. Bigler, Principal,
EDINBORO, PA.

"C. C. C." on Every Tablet.

Every tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic bears the famous C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Look for it and accept no other. Beware of fraud. All druggists, 10c.

Election Notice.

[illegible]

Executor's Notice.

[illegible]

At Conklings

METAL BEDS.

What is more comfortable or cooler than iron or brass beds? Plenty of chance for ventilation, no vermin, easy to keep clean and healthy. We have them with wove wire springs at $5, $6, $7.

A Big Value Bed & Springs $10.

Our be[illegible] in white & gold, black & gold, green & gold, red & gold and all brass.

Large line of odd dressers, chiffoniers and dressing tables.

In our chamber suite department we are showing 3-piece suite, golden oak finish, at $15.48 and $19.48, worth $17.50 and $22.50. Better suites up to $80.

Springs, mattresses, pillows, &c. In fact a full line of house-furnishings.

WE save the carpet, pay the freight, pack all goods FREE

Make your next purchase of

The Robt. A. Conkling Co,

Agents for White Sewing Machines.
5 year guarantee.

135, 137, 139 Union St. Olean, N. Y.
Correspondence Solicited.

GOOD GROCERIES

While not a joy forever are a delight while they last. We are doing a larger business every day, for not only the goods but the prices are right.

We Call Your Attention This Week to our

UNEXCELLED COFFEES

This business has been built upon the solid foundation of giving better values in groceries than you can get elsewhere. And in no article have we excelled so much as in coffee.

This coffee business is conceded by the trade to be the largest in the town, and we are going to make it still larger by giving you a chance on our low prices on coffee this week.

We know when you try our coffees once you will use no other. We are never undersold. High grade groceries at the lowest prices. Free Delivery.

Shepard & Gallup.
Popular Grocery Store.
Gallup Block Smethport, Pa

"THE FAMOUS,"
CLOTHING STORE.
Central Block. Smethport, Pa.

WOULD YOU Pay $8 for a suit you can get for $6.00?
Pay $10 for a suit you can get for $7.50?
Pay $12 for a suit you can get for $9.50?

Of Course Not

Then come and let us Fit You

We Guarantee above values at reduced prices

"YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK."

WM. MONHEIMER, Prop.

WOMEN TREAT YOURSELVES
Mothers' ARE WHAT YOU WANT
ORANGE LILY WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL
ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT $1.00
[illegible] Hornellsville, N.Y.

For Stylish Millinery
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT.

Our Line of Trimmed Hats Contains Many Beautiful Creations that Will be Sold At Very Low Prices

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

[illegible]

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY
[illegible]
KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of [illegible]

PASADENA LINIMENT
PASADENA MEDICINE COMPANY [illegible] PENNA.

SCREEN DOORS AT COST.

In order to close out our stock of Screen Doors we will sell them at cost. Our fancy $1.30 door goes at $1.00. Children's knee pants, heavy checked cottonades at 20c & 25c.

Boys' fine dress & work shirts 35c, worth 45c. Men's fancy soft body percale shirts with suspenders to match, regular $1.00 goods, 14 to 15½, go at 80c. Ladies 10c gauze vests 5c each. 20c gauze vests 10c each. Regular 20c & 25c hose 13c pr. Men's heavy 12c sox 3 pairs 25c.

Men's Xtra Heavy Work & Dress shoes at 5 to 10 per cent less than you generally pay.

Ladies' $2.00 Dress Shoe at $1.20

Men's Checked Part Wool Pants, regular $2.50 goods, we offer at $1.35 pair.

Don't forget about our mammoth stock of Dishes, both imported and home made.

Last week we rec'd 5 boxes of fancy 10c cookies that we offer at 12c lb. Ginger Snaps at 6c lb. Granulated Sugar 6c lb. Arbuckle's coffee 12c. Best fancy white dry beans 5c lb. Best A [illegible] Flour $1.29. Northern Light $1.10. White Rose 90c sack. 49 [illegible]

Kopper boilers, kopper nickld T & coffee pots & tea kettles, kopper nickld & silver lined gal. ice pitcher & creams. Closing out Trim'd Summer Hats at ½ price. Our $6.00 hats go at $3.00. [illegible] hats at 50c. Our loss & your gain. These must all be sold, so now is your chance.

Cut Price Bargain Hous.
A. E. Stickles. July 10, 1901. East Smethport.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors,
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

New Shirt Waists and Summer Suits
At Store of
D. C. Young

Every Garment New and Guaranteed to fit No OLD STOCK LEFT OVER

I am closing out the line of Reliable Corset Waists I have in stock at 75 cents each, were $1.00. No more when these are gone. A few pairs of Womans & Children's Shoes and Oxfords at cost, to close out same, slightly out of style. All on the bargain counter. Ask to see them when you call at my store.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., May 14, 1901.

INSURE YOUR LIFE WITH THE
Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association
OF NEW YORK.

One of the Great Life Companies of the World
Frederick A. Burnham, President.

1881---RESULTS UNPARALLELED.---1901

Over 80,000 Policy Holders, Representing nearly 200,000,000 of Insurance.

Invested Assets, over $12,250,000
Government Deposits, over $800,000
Death Claims Paid, over $44,000,000

FOR FULL INFORMATION ADDRESS
GEO. M. KELLOG, General Agent,
Hornellsville, N. Y.

PALACE PHARMACY.
J. W. VOORHEES, PROP.
RETAILER & JOBBER OF
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC
SMETHPORT, PA.

Soda
Water

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

The hardest question confronting the public just now seems to be HOW TO KEEP COOL. We can help you solve the problem if you will let us.

A FEW SPECIALS:

LINEN COSTUMES FOR HOT WEATHER. The latest creations in new Mid-Summer Linen costumes. This fabric is very popular for summer wear. We are showing a large line in all colors at the exceedingly low price—$5.00.

WASH SKIRTS. Polka Dot Duck Skirt in black, blue, white and Linen colors—$1.50.

COOL UNDERWEAR FOR WARM WEATHER. The most comfortable kinds of cool underwear for men, women and children. We are now showing in lisle and cotton—all grades from 10c to $1.50.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SHOWING OF PETTICOATS. Our sale of petticoats has doubled since securing the agency for the NEW YORK SKIRT. Ask to see our three specials, $1.00, $2.25, $3.00.

OXFORDS For Ladies. We are showing the Queen Quality in Patent Kid and Tan. For Men: The Douglas in Black and Tan.

A Contented Cook and a well furnished kitchen are found together. An insufficiency of

Cooking Utensils, Tin Ware, Etc.,

is provocation of ill temper.

Note what is lacking in your house and get it here. Our prices will permit a dollar or two to make the whole round of the store.

Redfield's Hardware,

Mason Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

Ladies

Please call and see our complete stock of Summer Millinery consisting of trimmed hats, from $1 up.

Children's trimmed hats 50c and upwards. Also our Shirt Waist Hats which are so popular this season. Look at our new shirt waists!

MRS. A. E. HINMAN,
Opposite Grand Central,
Rubin Block, Smethport, Pa.

Ellwood Fence
American Fence

BULL-STRONG
HORSE-HIGH
PIG-TIGHT

In styles adapted to every purpose. Made from No. 12½ strands. The cross wires are as strong and large as the cables of most other fences.

As the manufacturers GUARANTEE THEM they must make them strong and satisfactory in every way.

J. C. Hamlin,
Sole Agent.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1901.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See Wm. Monheimer's new ad this week.

—The Holley House, Bradford, is now open to the public.

—A good gas well was drilled in on Irish Hollow last week.

—Bert Metzgar and wife have moved to Port Allegany for the summer.

—Shepard & Gallup have a new ad this week which will interest grocery buyers.

—Shillem & Torrence, Smethport's popular tailors, have a new ad this week. Read it.

—Olean pool players have won the first two games in their tournament with Bradford.

—Anderson & Carlson, the popular shoe men of this place, have a new ad this week.

—H. M. Choate has moved into his new home at the corner of King and Pike streets.

—Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Mann leave for Bradford Friday where they will reside in the future.

—Our street sprinkler is all right and everyone feels a direct benefit from its use on our streets.

—The Old Man Racket is again at the front with a new ad this week which it will pay you to read.

—Married, on Saturday July 6, by Justice B. L. Knapp, Mr. Charles Peall and Miss Minnie Hoover.

—Miss Janetta Hamlin gave a delightful card party last evening in honor of Miss Shoenberger of Chicago.

—The R. A. Conkling Co. of Olean has a new ad this week which it will pay every housekeeper to read.

—A benefit dance will be given at Pat O'Connor's ball in East Smethport this evening by the friends of Herbert Spinney. All are invited to attend.

—A rumor is current that the Smethport Window Glass works, owned by Hamilton & Hilton, is about to be sold to a Baltimore company. It is believed that this factory will remain out of the trust whether or not the deal is made.

—J. W. Voorhees in his new ad this week calls attention to the fact that he is serving soda water to his customers.

—Wm. Monheimer of "The Famous" clothing store is making some decided improvements in the show windows of his store.

—What has become of our opera house promoters? It won't do to let this question drop until we have a suitable opera house in Smethport.

—Nourse & Richmond have purchased a hack for their livery stable. It is elegantly finished inside in silk and morocco, and will be a valuable addition to their well equipped livery.

—If the person from East Smethport who signs a communication "A Subscriber" will send his or her name we will publish the article. We cannot publish such matter unless we know the name of the writer.

—The Leander eight of England, champion rowing crew of the world, defeated the University of Pennsylvania eight in an exciting race on the Thames river, England, at the annual Henley regatta, Friday last.

—Last year the shirtwaist man was introduced and now some of our young men are introducing the fad of going without hats. If this thing keeps up for a few years what will there be left for a really stylish man to wear.

—C. W. Shiffler of Lebanon, Pa., has accepted a position with Shepard & Gallup, the grocers. Mr. Shiffler has had 13 years' experience in the grocery business and will doubtless make a valuable man for this well known business house.

—James B. Black of Olean and Miss Kate Ellen MacDonald of Hinsdale were married at the home of the bride's grandmother on July 3rd. The young couple have many friends in this vicinity who with the MINER extend congratulations.

—Alba J. Gilfillan, F. L. Holmes, wife and daughter, Miss Ruth, and Miss Alice Daly camped on the Allegheny river from Thursday until Monday. They say fishing was not very good but the party captured thirteen large turtles, one weighing 40 pounds.

—It's a long road that has no turn. A young lady living in this vicinity had lots of fun with a newly married couple from this place recently, but the tables were turned when above mentioned couple a few days later met the young lady in the city while on her honeymoon.

—Next Sunday the Methodist people will meet in the chapel, making use of it and the part of the church partitioned off for Sunday school room. The pastor's subject for the morning is, "Plans and Their Realization." In the evening he will again answer questions. Great interest in this unusual service was manifested last Sunday evening. Questions must be given early.

—At a meeting of the members of the team that put up such an excellent article of baseball on the 4th, held last evening, it was decided to hold together for the balance of the season, provided proper encouragement be accorded them by the citizens of Smethport. Some good games may be looked for in the near future. The first away from home game will be played at Bradford on Saturday.

—D. E. Ray of Pittsburg has made a contract with the Backus Safety Check Hook Manufacturing company to take the whole output of hooks manufactured by the company. Mr. Ray is to have full control of the selling and he guarantees to use at least 5,000 hooks per month. This hook is the most practical thing of its kind ever put on the market and as Mr. Ray is a man who will push it to the front we see no reason why all parties concerned should not make a nice thing out of it.

—There is some talk now of making up a graduate Pennsylvania eight to row at Henley next year. The Leander crew draws from its graduates and it is suggested that Pennsylvania do the same. Joseph F. DeSilver, who made many friends here during a visit to Dr. Young several years ago, is spoken of as one of the possibles in such an eight. In speaking of such an arrangement the Inquirer says: With such material to choose from Coach Ward could get out an eight that would be stronger and more experienced than any college crew that could be developed.

—Quite a serious accident occurred in Bolivar Saturday afternoon which may result fatally for two young women. Mrs. Olin Hanchet, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Edward Emerson, were returning from their parents' home near that place and had just reached the Main street bridge, when the horse they were driving became frightened and started to run away. Both ladies were thrown from the rig. Mrs. Hanchett had her right shoulder broken and was badly bruised. Mrs. Emerson was injured internally and is in a precarious condition. The horse was badly injured.

—The picnic of the Baptist Endeavor Society was a great success. This happy affair was given by the leader of the society, E. R. Owen, who has very successfully built up this society greatly to his own credit and to the benefit of the little folks. The picnic was given in Brennan's grove and was well supplied with lemonade and ice cream, through the generosity of Mr. Owens, and the little folks bringing a nice basket dinner. After this splendid feast there were some amusing races, and among the successful ones were Eva Hopper, Carrie Wilkenson, Sidney Burdick, Claude Hamilton and Fred Taylor. This picnic closed the Endeavor meetings for the summer and Mr. Owens took his leave of the little folks last week with many kind and loving hearts to follow him.

PERSONAL MENTION.

F. G. Lindholm was in Kane Sunday.

A. B. Kidder visited Olean yesterday.

Orlo J. Hamlin returned Saturday from Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young were Kane visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Camp visited Port Allegany Sunday.

Mrs. Helen S. G. Morrison is visiting in Brookville this week.

Miss Ruth Walker of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

William Powell returned Tuesday from a visit to Pittsburg

Mr. and Mrs F. C. Pierce left Tuesday for a week at Buffalo.

S. W. Smith of Port Allegany was in town Monday on business.

H. N. Rose of Port Allegany was in town on business Tuesday.

Mrs. S. R. Lindsley and Mrs. Norman Mann visited Bradford Monday.

Waldo Sasse of Kane spent Sunday with his parents in this borough.

A. M. Thamm and Roy Stark left yesterday for a visit to the Pan Am.

S. C. Sartwell and M. T. Shurtz drove over from Port Allegany Monday.

Col. M. M. Gillette returned last evening from an extended visit in the West.

C. E. McLee, wife and child returned to their home in Johnsonburg Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Seger are taking in the sights at the Pan Am this week.

H. S. Curler of Hazelhurst is visiting the various dog fanciers in town to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Backus of Olean were the guests of friends in town July 4th.

Rev. J. H. Crocker of Ellicottville, N. Y., visited J. E. Haley and family on Tuesday.

Miss Edith Loops of Eldred is a guest of her cousin, Elida Burnham of East Smethport.

Miss Orra Williams of Ceres is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. C. H. Gleason.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and children visited relatives in Olean Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Nellie Strong of Friendship is visiting her brother, Edgar Strong, on Bank street.

Craig Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., is visiting his grandparents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

E. A. Owen is in attendance at the bottle glass workers' convention now being held at Milwaukee.

Misses Emily Quinn and Harriet Harding of Mt. Alton visited Miss Anna Haley on Wednesday last.

Miss Bessie King of Port Allegany, who has been visiting friends in town, returned home on Friday.

Mrs. Verner Smith and daughter of Hornellsville is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brandt.

Mr. and Mrs Jas. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup and daughter, Marian, are Pan American visitors.

Mrs. A. A. McCollam and daughter, Maude, spent Sunday at DuBois where Mr. McCollam is now employed.

James Morgan arrived in town last night. He has just returned from service with the 47th Regt. in the Philippine Islands.

Lynn Hopper came home from Belmont, N. Y., Wednesday and stayed until Monday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hopper.

O. H. Barker, who has drilled oil wells in various parts of the world, has returned from Yucatan, where he has been prospecting for a New York firm. Mr. Barker will visit friends in this city and in Smethport, where his wife resides, before returning to Yucatan.—Bradford Star.

Hammocks—Best value in town, $1 and up at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Young Woman Suicides!

Mrs. Fred Ripley Kills Herself Tuesday at Noon.

DESPONDENCY THE SUPPOSED CAUSE.

Shoots Herself With 38 Calibre Revolver—Had Been Married Less Than Four Months—The Funeral Wednesday.

Between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock Tuesday Mrs Fred Ripley, nee Miss Tina Ferris, shot and instantly killed herself at the residence of S. F. Cleveland on Marvin creek, about two miles from Smethport.

Mrs. Ripley came into Mrs. Cleveland's kitchen and as she showed evidence of trouble and that she had been crying Mrs. Cleveland followed her into the dining room and asked her what was the trouble. Mrs. Ripley evaded a direct answer by saying, "I will tell you some time later," and went into a bedroom which opens off the diningroom, and closed the door, and almost immediately Mrs. Cleveland heard a loud report and a heavy fall. She ran to the kitchen door and called to Joseph Mills who was working on a barn on the farm. Mrs. Mills had brought dinner to her husband was at the barn and both rushed into the house.

When they entered the bedroom a horrible sight confronted them. Mrs Ripley lay upon the floor, her life's blood oozing out of her mouth and nose and the revolver lay on the dresser. Mr. Mills picked up the lifeless body and laid it on the bed while the others summoned her husband and father, who were discussing their previous troubles at the Ripley house, which is next to the one where she suicided. The weapon used was a 38-calibre revolver loaded with long cartridges.

Mrs. Ripley had been a neighbor of the Cleveland family but a short time and Mr. Cleveland said to the writer that he did not think she was aware that they kept a revolver in the house and, therefore, was of the opinion that she had not deliberated on the rash act, but upon seeing the weapon was seized with an uncontrollable desire to end her unhappy existence. Her aim was accurate. The bullet pierced her heart and she never uttered a word after the shooting, and if she had any other reason for ending her life than ordinary domestic trouble it probably never will be known.

Since their marriage on March 13 last, Mr. and Mrs. Ripley had not lived happily and she had previously sent a note to her father asking him to come and see her. Tuesday morning Mr. Ferris called and after telling him her troubles said she could not stand it to live with her husband any longer and asked him to take her home. He, knowing that she was of a nervous disposition and thinking their differences were only temporary, tried to dissuade her from her purpose and said he would talk with his son-in-law and get his consent to her going home for a visit. Mr. Ferris went to the back of the house with this intention in view, when his daughter ran out of the house into her neighbor's with the above result.

So clear was it a case of suicide that it was deemed unnecessary to notify the coroner and the body was removed to her home near by.

Miss Tina Ferris was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Ferris and was born in Farmers Valley, about 19 years ago, where she had always resided till her marriage to Fred Ripley last March. She was a pretty young woman of pleasing manners and had many firm friends among her acquaintances in this vicinity who will deeply mourn her untimely end.

Besides a husband she leaves to mourn her loss a father, two brothers, Kale and Judson, and one sister, Miss Belle, all of Farmers Valley.

The funeral services, which were largely attended, were held at her home on Marvin creek Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. T. D. Ware of the Baptist church officiating. The remains were taken to Farmers Valley for interment.

Shooting Affray at Austin.

Don C. Banfield, a young man employed as teamster, was shot and killed between 10 and 11 o'clock last Friday night by Art Gordiner, a bartender at the White House. Banfield and a party of men were drinking and raising a disturbance in the hotel and when Gordiner put Banfield out the latter commenced stoning the place and smashing windows. He then got a couple of neck yokes and threatened to take the bartender's life. They met at the corner of the building and Gordiner pulled his revolver and shot, the bullet entering Banfield's breast just above the heart. He lived but a few minutes. The deceased was married. Gordiner made no effort to escape and a constable took him to Coudersport to await trial.

The McKean County Miner at Atlantic City.

For the convenience of our readers who may visit Atlantic City this summer we have arranged to have the latest files of the MCKEAN COUNTY MINER always on file at the Philadelphia Inquirer's Seashore Bureau on Young's Pier at that popular resort. The Inquirer has, at great expense, fitted up commodious reading and writing rooms on Young's Pier where every attention will be shown its guests.

Good Advice.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. More than seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects; such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Gnawing and Burning Pains at the Pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and Disagreeable Taste in the Mouth, Coming up of Food after Eating, Low Spirits, etc. Go to your Druggist and get a bottle of August Flower for 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you. Try it. Get Green's Prize Almanac.

For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

Our Gun Salesman will be at our store next Monday with a full line of medium and high-class guns. Any prospective buyer can get better selection and prices than at any other time. J. C. HAMLIN

On July 25 my photograph gallery will be closed and remain closed during the month of August. My patrons will please govern themselves accordingly.
R. C. GLEASON.

Charles Lemmler has the largest stock of trunks, traveling bags, etc., to be found in this section, and he will sell them at reasonable prices.

Nickel plated stamp ware—looks like silver. See our window display. Holmes & Gilfillan.

[illegible]

Wanted—A competent girl for general housework. Apply at this office.

Haying tools, only the best at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

SMETHPORT'S CELEBRATION.

A Big Day at the County Seat—Many Interesting Features.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of our freedom is past and gone and all that is left is pleasant memories for those who spent the day at McKean county's capital. The day dawned with heavy clouds hanging over our village, but that did not prevent large crowds from all adjoining towns pouring in at an early hour. At nine o'clock the streets were filled with pleasure seekers and the sky had cleared itself for action.

The program for the morning was somewhat delayed by lateness of trains and it was afternoon when the large civic parade was formed, but it was well worth the wait. The various organizations in line presented a magnificent appearance and the business firms having floats in the parade artistically displayed their wares. We wish to make special mention of one float. On it was 45 little girls representing the States of the union, and it was an unusually pleasing sight.

Owing to the intense heat the exercises at the court house were not largely attended and were abandoned.

At about 2 o'clock the athletic contests on Main street were commenced and resulted as follows:

Five mile bicycle road race; purse $20; divided in three prizes: S. Oviatt, 1st; B. Metzgar, 2nd; Kale Ferris, 3rd.

One mile bicycle road race, purse $10, divided in three prizes: Frank Ferris, 1st; Ed McClure, 2nd; Fred Porth, 3rd.

Two hundred yard foot race; "Zeke" McCabe, 1st, $5; Claude Denning, 2nd, $3.

One hundred yard dash: C. W. Rapp, 1st, $3; Ed Norton, 2nd, $2.

The sack race, purse $2, was won by Perry Nixon, Ed Todd, 2nd.

Potato race, purse $2 Rapp, 1st; Norton, 2nd.

Egg race, purse $2, Haines, 1st; Todd, 2nd.

Wheelbarrow race, purse $2, Russell Todd won first prize.

All prize moneys were paid promptly, as is the custom here, and everyone was perfectly satisfied with the races.

THE BALL GAME

The ball game was the fastest and cleanest exhibition of the national game ever witnessed in Smethport. Both pitchers were at their best and the contest was utterly devoid of the usual wrangling and kicking. For this the magnificent work of Umpire "Joe" Norton of Olean was chiefly responsible. As a fair and impartial umpire Mr. Norton has no equal in this section.

The game opened with Port Allegany at the bat. Lemon and Stohr went out on strikes. Rapp reached first on Bell's error and second a moment later when McCabe dropped Young's pretty throw. Norton went out on a fly to McCabe. In Smethport's half the first three men went out in order. No runs.

Beginning with Krampf in the second inning, Fuller accomplished the remarkable feat of striking out the entire team in order, nine men in succession. Krampf started the fifth with a single, the first Fuller had allowed, but it availed him naught as the next three were easy outs. The visitors scored their only run in the sixth. Lemon hit an easy one to third and made the circuit of the bases on Dud Keefer's weird throw to first to head him off. Not another man reached first until the ninth, when after Stohr had struck out Rapp singled and stole second, where he remained as Fuller closed the game by striking out the two succeeding batsmen.

Smethport began scoring in the second, when they earned two runs. McCabe singled, Servatius fouled out and Torrence singled. McCabe and Torrence worked a double steal and scored on Young's single to center. One more was added in the third. Croissant was given a life on Stohr's error, reached second on M Keefer's sacrifice and scored on McCabe's single. The last run was made in the eighth when Croissant reached first on Studholme's error, stole second and came home on M. Keefer's drive to right.

The features were an unassisted double play by Rapp and the work of the batteries, that of Fuller, ably backed by "Old Hoss" Young, being nothing short of marvellous. He gave but one base on balls, allowed but two hits and struck out 18 men. And this showing was made against nine ball players, there wasn't a stick among the visitors, and a more gentlemanly lot of fellows never played before a Smethport audience. The pitching of Ruth would win nine games out of ten, and Lemon's backstopping was equally good, but Fuller and Young were too many for them.

The score:

SMETHPORT.	A B	R	H	P O	A	E
Croissant, r. f.	4	2	0	0	0	0
Bell, s. s.	3	0	0	1	0	1
M. Keefer, 1b	4	0	1	7	0	0
McCabe, 2b	4	1	2	1	2	1
Servatius, c. f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Torrence, l. f.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Fuller, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Young, c	3	0	1	16	2	0
D. Keefer, 3b	4	0	1	0	0	1
	30	4	6	27	6	3

PORT ALLEGANY	A B	R	H	P O	A	E
Lemon, c	4	1	0	9	0	0
Stohr, 2b	4	0	0	0	3	1
Rapp, s. s.	4	0	1	2	2	0
Norton, 3b	4	0	0	0	0	1
Krampf, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Jordan, 1b	3	0	0	11	1	0
Studholme, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Lillibridge, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Ruth, p	3	0	0	0	6	0
	21	1	2	24	12	3

By innings:

Smethport	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	*—4
Port Allegany	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Smethport 2
Sacrifice hit—M. Keefer
Double play—Rapp, unassisted.
Stolen bases—Croissant, McCabe 2, Torrence, Rapp.
Bases on balls—Off Fuller 1; off Ruth 1.
Struck out—By Fuller 18; by Ruth 6.
Umpire—Joe Norton.

At 7:30 p. m. the Eldred band gave a concert in the band stand in front of the court house. Several selections were excellently rendered and George Dunbar, who now has charge of the band, played two or three solos, all of which were highly appreciated by the large crowd. Mr. Dunbar has had charge of this organization only a short time but by his personal strength as a musician and untiring efforts has put the Eldred band foremost in musical ranks. This band has always enjoyed a good reputation but it is now better than ever.

The fantastic parade, although not large, created a great deal of amusement, and the Most Congenial Croaker of the Frogs made an undying reputation as a rear platform impromptu speaker.

Following the fantastic parade, the fireworks display was given in front of the court house. The assortment was large and gave general satisfaction.

ECHOES.

Those who went to Smethport yesterday report an excellent time and speak in terms of praise of the reception extended the Port Allegany contingent by the Smethport people.—Port Allegany Reporter.

The police force [illegible] for a town like Smethport.

The Frogs exceeded the expectations of their fondest admirers in their parades both morning and evening.

Port Allegany did feel proud in taking [illegible] celebration.

[illegible] of Port Allegany made [illegible]

[illegible] American, buy your trunk, traveling bag, suit case or grip of Charles Lemmler. His stock is the best and prices are right.

Now for Cut Prices!

We have now reached the season of the year when we always cut the prices on our

Spring & Summer CLOTHING.

We have no excuse to offer--we simply want to convert the balance of this season's stock into cash to get ready for Fall and Winter goods and our low prices will certainly move our stock out of the house and into the possession of our patrons. We don't want this ad to appear sensational or read like a "fake." We want it to impress sensible people as a plain business proposition--which it is. To-morrow we begin to cut regular prices Straight! An actual mark-down without a previous mark-up. We do it because it's good business to do it, and these cut prices offer you the best kind of business reason for buying.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,

THE ONE PRICE
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

WHAT IS IT?

We just wish to call your attention to the good values we give you in

LUMBER and HARDWARE

of every description.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

BUILDING MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS,
FLOORING, SIDING, CEILING,
WINDOWS, DOORS.

General Hardware,

STOVES, TINWEAR, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
RUBEROID ROOFING, LYTHITE COLD WATER PAINT, SEWER PIPE,
DRAIN TILE, LIME, CEMENTS, ETC.

Columbia BICYCLES.

"The Bright Side of Life is Always Visible from the Wheel."

A good road or a pleasing prospect is additionally enjoyable if the rider is mounted on a **Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless.** The mechanism always runs the same, exertion is reduced to the minimum and there are no small annoyances. New Models, $75.

Columbia Chain Wheels remain the standard of the chain type. New Models, $50.

Hartfords, New Models, $35. **Vedettes** New Models, $25.

Cushion Frame, for Chainless or Chain Columbias, $5.00 extra. Columbia Tire or Coaster Brake, $5.00 extra.

M. L. Armstrong, Agent, SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

The Big Double Clothing Store,

46-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.

IKE SIMONS

The Spring Season has been somewhat late this year. Our stock of Men's Youths' and Children's Suits is much larger than we want it. We are going to move these out at prices [illegible] We put on sale to-day Men's Suits at [illegible]

[illegible] We also [illegible] The prices are more than moderate. We have added to our stock of Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods an immense line of high grade Trunks, Hand Bags, Suit Cases, etc. Call and see them. We can interest you.

FRY & HERZOG

SUMMER HELPS.

BAMBOO PORCH SHADES.

Just the thing for the sunny side of the veranda; good as a screen, too.

They are raised or lowered to any desired position with a cord and pulley attachment

Price complete

6x8 feet	$1.25
8x8 "	$1.40
10x8 "	$2.00

MATTINGS.

A variety of styles in summer floor coverings that are exceptionally good values.

Prices - 20c to 35c

SHIRT WAISTS.

New Arrivals.

These waists are a strikingly good combination of style, fit and exceptional values. Black, white and colors in Lawns, Linens, Percales and Dimities.

Prices 65c to $5.00

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

Negligee Shirts.

"MONARCH BRAND."

We are showing the correct things in pleated and plain bosoms in white, black and white and favored colors with attached or separate cuffs.

10c to $1.50

Men's Shirt Waists $1.00.

FRY & HERZOG.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

BELL BROS.

Extraordinary Shoe Sale.

Beginning Saturday, June 29th. We have bought of a large Eastern shoe factory their entire stock on hand of fine shoes, over 5,000 pairs in all, representing all styles and qualities for Ladies and Children. It was just inventory time with them and they were anxious to sell, so we were able to purchase the entire stock way under price and we'll turn them over to you at the same saving. The following prices will give you an idea of the saving.

Lot 1. Odd sizes and styles in Ladies' fine shoes. All regular at $2.50 and $3.00. Sale price 95c

Lot 2. Ladies' low shoes in Southern ties, Southern buttons and Oxford ties. Worth $1.50 a pair. Sale price 95c

Lot 3. Odd lot of Ladies' low shoes and strap sandals. Sale price - 50c

Lot 4 Consists of Misses' all solid leather shoes. Latest styles, sizes 11½ to 2, value $1.25. Sale price - 95c

Lot 5. Little Gents' all solid leather shoes in box calf, fine dongola and tan. Value $1.35. Sale price 98c

PROBABLY you have heard of Hogarth's

SODA WATER

maybe tasted it. Good wasn't it? Well, it's just as good now, if not better than ever before. We have learned how to make it better and colder. Added many new flavors to our already large variety and also some new drinks which are calculated to dispel the most tired feelin that ever was. Bring the girls along.

L. K. HOGARTH & CO.

Opposite Court House.

Leading Druggists, Smethport, Pa.

NO USE TELLING LONG STORIES.

OUR LINE IS LONG ON

FURNITURE and CARPETS.

The Latest Styles and Patterns.

Prices to Suit Your Purse.

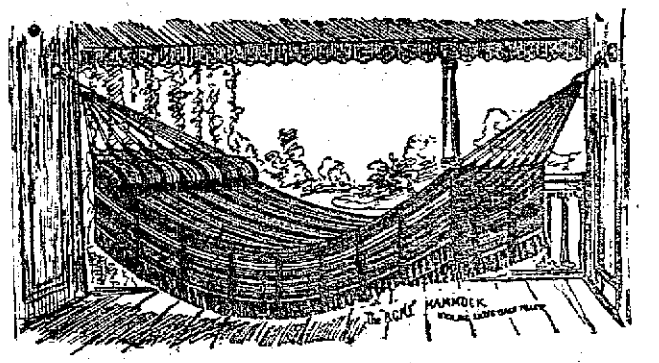
"Come in and talk it over" with

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

SEASONABLE GOODS

HAMMOCKS, CROQUET SETS, BASEBALL GOODS. BOOKS—YOU WILL FIND IN LARGE ASSORTMENT.



McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

Do Your Eyes Deceive You?

If so it is time you had them examined by a competent optician. I have had many years experience in diseases of the eye and can help you. Have your eyes fitted with glasses by a man who understands his business.

Chas. H. Robie
Leading Jeweler & Optician.
122 N. Union Street, Olean, N. Y.

LOCAL NEWS.

—John Ebenspacher has purchased a bicycle.

—A number of the Frogs camped on the head waters of Potato creek over Sunday.

—The members of the Traveler's Club will hold a picnic on the lawn of H. C. Wells Saturday.

—The corner stone of the Elk County General Hospital at Ridgway was laid with impressive ceremonies on Thursday of last week.

—Elisha K. Kane is doing some grading for his railroad between McKean Bros. mill and the Pennsylvania railroad track at East Smethport.

—A number of the young friends of Miss Eva Hopper gave a surprise party in her honor on Saturday evening. She was the recipient of many pretty presents.

—Walter Ostrander and William Brooder, jury commissioners, were in town this week drawing jurors for the September, October and November courts.

—Quarterly meeting of the Free Methodist church begins at Simpson on July 12th and will last to the 14th inclusive. Rev. W. P. Roupe will be present to preach. All are invited.

—Bessie, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs Godfrey Lantz, was severely burned while playing near a bonfire in Mt. Jewett one day recently. She died after suffering about 24 hours.

—W. D. Camp, the efficient manager of the Camp glass works, was presented with a handsome reclining Morris chair by the Camp company on the anniversary of his 60th birthday, which occurred on Tuesday of last week.

—Letters remaining in the postoffice for the week ending July 6, 1901: S. P. Averill, T. Kane, Miss Louis Johnson, Mrs. M. E. Lefler, Mrs. Alice M. Lyon, J. H. Martindale 2, Fred Potoin, Daniel Romain, Miss Evelyn Work.

—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Grimes on Card Creek last Wednesday was solemnized the marriage of Marcus E. Card of Burtville and Miss Mollie Wilson of this village. Rev. Nelson of Roulette officiated.—Port Allegany Argus.

—A mortgage for $15,000,000 was recently filed in the county clerk's office at Bath, N. Y.; given by the Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad company to the Metropolitan Trust company of New York. The document required $1,489.75 in revenue stamps.

—A man or woman who will maltreat a child or a dumb brute is a coward of the worst kind. This fact was clearly demonstrated one day recently when such a person in this section received some of the same treatment he is in the habit of administering to his children at the hands of a man.

—Miss Hattie Ryan, a sister of Miss Ryan, matron at the hospital, has resigned her position as nurse at the local institution, returning to her home in Smethport yesterday for the summer. She will enter the nurses' training school at Bellevue hospital at New York in the fall.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

—George, the eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Slade of Marvin creek, died at the home of Chas. McMorrow in this borough early Friday morning, July 5, after an illness of a few hours. The deceased was taken with convulsions during the day and the symptoms pointed both to sunstroke and appendicitis, but the cause of his death is really unknown. The funeral services were held from the family residence at Kasson and the remains were laid at rest in Kasson cemetery.

—Vandalia, Cattaraugus county, has an eight-year-old boy who will either be a successful politician or will land behind the bars of a bastile if he is spared to become a man. A dog which his father thought a very good deal of came up missing. The man received a letter that it would be returned if 50 cents were left at a certain place. He left the 50 cents and the dog was on the porch a few hours later. He marked the coin and was astonished to see his son in possession of it the next morning.—Olean Ledger.

—Hiram Johnson, aged 56, and Miss Matilda Parkerson, aged 53, of Luzerne county, quarreled over the possession of a pig. The matter in dispute was carried to the office of a magistrate, who suggested that the pig be slaughtered and each take half. The proposition was not received with favor, and the magistrate then suggested that the litigants become husband and wife, as he understood that they had once been lovers. After some parleying this was agreed to, the squire tying the nuptial knot. The pig was taken home in a wagon and its ownership is no longer in dispute.—Wellsboro Gazette.

Fourth of July Accidents.

The Era of Saturday reports the following accidents: Paul Alger, face and eye burned by powder from a blank cartridge; Frank Bovaird, aged 15 years, son of William J. Bovaird of Jackson avenue, left hand badly burned by explosion of giant cracker; Frank Shoemaker of No. 148 Corydon street, right hand injured by explosion of blank cartridge; H. Peterson of 55 Washington street, right hand badly cut by explosion of giant firecracker; Lee Bradley of Jackson avenue, right hand injured by accidental discharge of pistol, the ball entering the fleshy part of the member. The bullet was extracted. Willie Anderson, hand and face burned by explosion of firecrackers; Leo Collins, son of C. P. Collins of School street, face and eyes badly burned by explosion of cannon cracker; Miss Bessie Montrose of East Main street, right hand burned by bursting of roman candle. Fred Sackringer of Olean, while attempting to board a moving trolley car near Knapps Creek, fell with his feet across the rail, the wheels of the car passing over both members. He was removed to the hospital at Olean, where it was found necessary to amputate part of the right foot.

An Olean press dispatch dated July 5 says: Two girls were drowned at Riverhurst Park, near here, yesterday afternoon while swimming in the Allegheny river. A party of seven, composed of the Rev. Newton L. Reed, four of his children, a maid named Lillie Longphrey, and another girl named Flora Jordan, was in front of the Rev. Reed's cottage. An undercurrent caught them and despite desperate efforts on the part of the swimmers and others, the two girls Lillie Longphrey and Flora Jordan, were drowned. Several others of the party were several times under water and were entirely exhausted before they reached the bank in safety. Both bodies were recovered [illegible] for four hours.

A man [illegible] was injured on F[illegible] by the explosion [illegible] cracker [illegible] after it [illegible] fourth fingers of his right hand were entirely blown off, and it is thought that the thumb will need amputation.—Kane Republican.

THE ROSE OF LIFE.

The rose spoke in the garden:
"Why am I sad?
The vest of sky above me
Is blue and glad;
The hushed deep of my heart
Hath the sun's gold;
The dew slumbers [illegible]
In my petals' fold.
Beauty I have, and wisdom
And love I know,
Yet cannot release my spirit
Of its strange woe."

Then a wind older than Time,
Wiser than Sleep,
Answered: "The whole world's sorrow
Is yours to keep.
Its dark descends upon you
At day's high noon;
Its pallor is whitening about you
From every moon.
The cries of a thousand lovers,
A thousand slain,
[illegible]
[illegible]
At [illegible] that have vanished
[illegible]
The [illegible] pain,
Ancient, yet new,
So many lives you have lived
So many [illegible]
[illegible] to make you
The wonder [illegible]
And this [illegible] your beauty
Your wistful soul is thronged
With the phantoms of joy unfulfilled
That beauty hath wronged,
With the pangs of all secret betrayals,
The ghosts of desire,
The blue of old flame and the chill
Of the ashes of fire."

—Charles G. D. Roberts in Century.

"VIXEN."

A Romance of the Ring.

The brazen blare of trumpets and the heavy thump of the drum, with now and then the shrill whinny of a curvetting horse or the deep roar of a lion, indicated that the mighty show was in full swing.

In the rear of the great marquee, their dark humps standing out against the background of the starlit sky, stood a score or more of caravans, the homes day and night, week in and week out, year after year, whether jolting and rumbling over heavy roads or backed up, as at present, upon a miasmatic meadow, of all that curious, peripatetic crowd known throughout the length and breadth of the land as Rodwell's Amalgamation.

Two girls, their shapely, spangled figures enveloped in besmirched and travel worn cloaks, sat upon the steps of one of these movable homesteads talking in hurried undertones.

"He has already spoken, then?" asked the elder girl. "I did not think—I shouldn't—I—what am I saying? It was very sudden."

"In the end it was, perhaps," said the younger, "but it seems he had loved me a long time, and—well, Kitty, I can say it to you—the world has only held one man since I met him. But you don't seem pleased, Kitty. You're not angry with me? Aren't you going to congratulate me, sis?"

"Of course; I was only thinking— But never mind what I thought." She kissed her sister hurriedly.

"May you be ever so happy, dear," she said.

"Why, your face is all wet, Kit. You're—you're not crying?"

"No, no," returned her sister, hurriedly, with a forced, hysterical laugh. "Why should I? Only"—

"You thought I was going to run away and leave you, and you would lose a sister and a partner in one, eh? I thought of that before, and so it's stipulated that we're not to marry for a year and even then that you and I are to work our turns just the same as usual. It won't make a bit of difference. But there goes Fritz's revolver. We had better get inside."

Professor Fritz Mellin had concluded his bout with the lions and was bowing in acknowledgment of the plaudits when the girls entered. He had one turn more before the sisters, Kitty and Lillie Lanson, essayed their "marvelous aerial flights and high wire feat." Mellin's great turn was the famous rencontre with Vixen, an Indian tigress that had had her first taste of human blood and was generally expected to be watching a convenient opportunity for her second.

"Oh, how I hate that brute!" said Lillie as the professor lithely skipped up the steps of the cage and, with a half bow to the audience, passed through the bars.

Vixen bounded angrily toward him, but the tamer's eye was upon her, and it was not even necessary to threaten with the loaded thong he carried.

Round and round the cage, snarling her discontent at being disturbed, Vixen careered, her slackening steps ever and anon being quickened by the sharp crack of the whip. Then over hurdles, and again under barriers which required all the animal's crouching powers to negotiate. Finally a flaming hoop was passed into the cage, the professor, holding it in his left hand, flicked and cracked the huge cat through and through and round and round until the animal seemed half dazed and exhausted.

The mastery was complete. Vixen's surliness availed nothing with Fritz Mellin. Whatever her record elsewhere, here in Rodwell's circus, under the "Prince of Tamers," Vixen had no other course but to behave herself and obey.

The people were frantic with admiration and delight. They cheered and counter cheered in ringing tones as Fritz, leaving the cage, bowed repeatedly from the top of the steps.

Then came the aerial flight, and in the hairbreadth adventures above their heads the people forgot the man eating tigress and her daring master.

Kitty, however, high up, flitting from trapeze to trapeze, could not banish Lillie's love affair from her mind. Five years before Fritz Mellin had put to her the same question he had now proposed to her sister.

She had loved him then with her whole heart, as she loved him still, as she would never cease from loving him, yet she declined his offer. She remembered even now the look of mingled disappointment and anger upon his face when she gently but firmly told him so.

It was for her sister's sake she did this, for Lillie, left to her charge, a growing girl, who could not be deserted and who must be worked for and watched over for four or five years more. She had promised their mother, and her promise was unbreakable as steel. To sacrifice the man of her choice with the expense of her sister was an alternative [illegible] no favor in her sight.

"But you are unreasonable, Kitty," he had said. "Why cannot we be engaged, and married in five years, ten years, when you will?"

She had not forgotten her answer. It came back to her with exemplified force and meaning now.

"Five years work many changes, Fritz, and I would not have you bound. But come to me then, and you know now what my answer will be."

Five years had worked changes. When they met at length and the sisters were together [illegible]. Kitty and [illegible] anxiety [illegible] told their tales [illegible] had grown into the very model of what her sister was when he knew her. So strong was the [illegible] Lillie [illegible] was [illegible] The sister for whose very life she had striven all these years had unconsciously robbed her of the man she loved. For her the blackness of the future held no gleam, yet there was no resentment within her. Her one prayer was that Lillie might never know.

Suddenly a woman's scream rose from the audience. Kitty was about to make her sensational dive from the very apex of the building to a trapeze many feet below. The frightened sound unnerved her at the critical moment. She dropped short of the bar by a couple of inches and landed in a heap in the net. Loud cries filled the circus, and at first she thought they were solely for her; but, scrambling to her feet, she discovered her mistake. A wild panic had seized the crowd. Vixen was loose.

Men trampled women and children underfoot in the mad rush for the exits. Knives came out and were freely used in slashing the canvas. Pandemonium reigned supreme.

[illegible] Vixen stood hesitating, quivering, while the mad uproar grew louder and louder, stifling the moans and protestations of the injured and the helpless. Then the beast lifted [illegible] terrifying [illegible] tion. It redoubled the efforts of the mob to escape. Strong men struck weak women back, children went down and were wantonly trampled under heel.

"Down, Vixen, down!" The great cat turned suddenly, and as she did so the heavy thong of the trainer bit into her beautiful skin. She shuddered and cowered, but her fear was only momentary. Her old blood lust was upon her, and, growling viciously, she sprang at Fritz just as his arm was upraised to direct another blow at her.

The man dropped like a log, and the brute's teeth crunched into his right shoulder to the bone. Fritz reached with his left hand for his revolver, which he always carried, but only succeeded in disengaging it from his pocket. His nerveless fingers could not retain their grip, and he let the weapon fall.

All this had happened in a matter of seconds, yet already the vast amphitheater had emptied. High above the two girls had witnessed the rapidly changing scene with staring eyes and blanched faces. But the mishap to the trainer changed Kitty's fright into resolve. Running as fast as the net would allow, she reached the guide rope, swung herself over and shot like an arrow to the ground.

No thought of danger occurred to her. Her one aim was to reach the revolver and save the life of the man she loved.

Crack! Vixen responded with a terrifying growl of pain and suddenly dropped Fritz, whom she had raised in her jaws as a cat would a mouse. Crack! The first bullet had wounded her paw, the second lodged fairly in her chest. With one horrible heave she sprang upon her new enemy and bore her to the ground. Kitty felt the cruel claws in her breast and the beast's fangs in her head, and then—darkness.

"Dearest, it is I—Fritz. You saved me, and I—heaven help me—but"—

The words sounded very far off to Kitty, lying upon a couch in the proprietor's caravan. She opened her eyes.

"Forgive me!" he cried. "It seemed when I met your sister that it was Lillie I had always loved, but I know now and"—

She lifted her hand deprecatingly.

"It is best as it is, Fritz," she said. "Knowing all, I could not care to live, and Lillie—you will be happy with her. Promise me you will never tell her. It would break her heart."

He bent his head low to hers and spoke softly in her ear. The doctor, discreetly keeping in the shadow, wondered what it might have been, for the patient's face lighted with a smile. Then the man's lips met hers.

"If I could only"—

"I am glad," she said faintly. "There was—no—other—way."

She sank back exhausted.

When the doctor looked again, he noticed that which made him hurriedly cross and take the girl's hand in his. He stood a moment thoughtfully, then he shook his head.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Our Last Cargo of Slaves.

Captain Foster was the commander of the slave ship Clotilda that brought the last cargo of slaves to the United States. The trip was made only after many thrilling scenes requiring weeks of skillful maneuvering and dangerous exploits. Just before the north and south engaged in war Captain Foster built the Clotilda and announced that he would make a trip to the gulf of Guinea despite the fact that United States war vessels had burned and sunk the ships of many who tried the voyage. He was warned repeatedly of the dangers attached to such an undertaking, but he equipped his ship and sailed away.

He reached the African coast after going out of his course many times and remained along the coast for a month. He succeeded in getting 100 negroes on board before he was detected by the watchful vessels of the United States. He was pursued, but easily outdistanced his pursuers, and two months later arrived in Mobile bay with his human cargo. A steamboat met the slaveship during the night, and the negroes were transferred in order to avoid the custom house officials. Captain Foster set his vessel on fire and passed through Mobile without being detected. The government authorities hunted for him for months, but he eluded them until the close of the war, when he retired from the sea.

Quaint Hannibal Hamlin.

To the day of his death Hannibal Hamlin was a figure that men would turn and look at a second time on the street. His tall form, which in old age was but slightly bent, was always clothed in the old fashioned black swallowtail suit, and he always wore a tall silk hat, generally a "back number," tilted slightly back on his head. For years he was famous as a man who never wore an overcoat, and to his death he never burdened himself with that, to him, unnecessary garment except on the most severely cold days. For a half century he never changed the style of his clothes. He walked with a swinging gait and had so many friends and acquaintances to whom he had to bow that a smile seemed to be ever on his face.

Both Trained.

Little Edith had been very ill, but was convalescent. [illegible]

[illegible] your training [illegible]

"Oh," exclaimed Edith, pointing to a cage hanging near the window, "trained nurse, let me introduce you to my trained canary!"

Fish Aversions.

The celebrated Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Pare had a patient [illegible]

Two [illegible] of Writing.

Mrs. [illegible] New York [illegible]

What a man lacks [illegible] must make up in his [illegible].—Atchison Globe.

THE HILLS OF SKYE.

[illegible]
[illegible]
An through all the day [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
To a land that's fairer [illegible]
Than the moors an hills of Skye.

Oh, my heart, my [illegible]
[illegible]
But it [illegible]
By the moors and hills of Skye.

I hae wandered miles far [illegible]
I hae marked fu' mony [illegible]
I hae won the gear [illegible]
[illegible]
Yet at times a spell [illegible]
I'm a boy once again, to rin
On the hills [illegible]
An [illegible]

Oh, my heart [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

A Break In the Levee.

THE DESPERATE REMEDY BY WHICH IT WAS STOPPED.

For days the river had been rising. The levees above were giving way for miles and miles and the mud waters had swept over the banks, carrying [illegible] things and even lives before them. [illegible] one of the big plantations opposite Shreveport every effort was being made to withstand the flood. Hands were collected from every cabin and tenement, from all the adjoining places to strengthen the water soaked levee, which shook on the pressure of a mighty foot.

It was almost dusk, but the men who had not rested for days worked with the strength of fresh vigor at the voice of Tom Aiken, the planter, directed them and cheered them on to the task which seemed so hopeless. The water crept steadily and steadily higher. But for the fact that every one was busy with his work, a little negro boy who suddenly dropped his spade and stole away between the wheels of the big sand wagon, might have been noticed as he scurried away around the curve in the embankment.

He ran quickly along for half a quarter of a mile without looking back, down the narrow, slippery road that was left between the cotton rows and the levee. The boy slackened his pace when he became convinced that no one was in pursuit of him, and while he did so he heard the loud, cheery voice of Tom Aiken back at the break, "All work together, boys!"

"Huh? All work together," the boy said. "Yessir, but you bet [illegible] done tired er workin [illegible] I'm gwine to sleep, I is. I ain't shet my eyes fur two whole days an nights, an I'se gwine round the p'int to [illegible] Viny's an go to sleep."

In his eagerness to reach the coveted goal the little negro quickened his pace again. It was now almost dark, but his eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom. He could see the curving line of the levee, which seemed to tremble with a premonition of its own inadequacy. He could see all the water pent in the road. His little legs had not traveled perhaps a mile more when the ominous roar of the river [illegible] and peer over the levee at the rushing waters.

As he scrambled up the slippery bank a clod of loosened earth fell heavily down to the road below, and through the orifice which it left a little stream of muddy water trickled. The boy caught his breath quickly when the water ran over his hand.

"Lordy!" he exclaimed, "there's gwine to be a break right here. Lordy! [illegible] What I gwine do?"

He stopped to reconsider. There was still another mile before he could reach the point, and he knew there were only a few old women in the cabins there and he could get no help from that source. It was more than a mile back to where the men were working and he was afraid to show himself there after having run away. Besides, there was not a moment to lose. Whatever was done must be done at once. He knew that a great responsibility rested upon him. If the little crevice was not stopped immediately it was only a question of a few moments before the whole levee would be swept away.

He stood up and looked about him. There was no one in sight. He thought he might find a bag of sand dropped from a passing wagon, but there was none. With sudden purpose he turned and lay down over the little crevice through which the water came. The soft earth yielded to his weight and with his hands and feet he pressed it about him, patting it to make it firm.

The difficulty had been solved without his volition almost. It was only after it was done that he thought of the consequences. He had acted in the unreasoning way that [illegible] How long would he have to remain there? For aught he knew till morning. He began to suffer by and by from his cramped position, but he dared not move even the least bit lest the crevice should open again.

He could not tell how the time passed. Every minute seemed an hour. He could not hear the shouts of the men below. There was only few and then the hoot of an owl rising above the roar of the water or the swish as a clod of earth was sucked into the current. He wished he had not run away from his work.

He began to get drowsy. His feet were almost numb. He wondered what would become of him if he should go to sleep. If the waters should rise over the levee and drown him and ruin the cotton, would it make any difference then that he had tried to save it? He was inadequate to the problem, the like of which has puzzled [illegible] heads than his. The hooting of the owl grew less and less [illegible] swishing of the waters fainter and fainter, the pain in his back [illegible].

He must have slept some time. Suddenly he was awakened by the [illegible] of a horse on the road below. The [illegible] too weak to move. His [illegible] was of most gone, but as the horse approached he cried out with all his strength he could summon, "Mars Tom!"

Mr. Aiken drew [illegible] turned his big lantern [illegible] of the voice.

"Who is it, and where [illegible]" asked, dismounting.

"It's me, boss," answered [illegible]

"What the mischief are you doing here, Pete?" inquired [illegible] into the boy's begrimed face. "Why, you are almost buried alive!"

"I runned away from [illegible]" the boy answered. "[illegible] break here, so I stopped [illegible]"

"Why, bless the boy!" [illegible] "You must be nearly dead. [illegible] back and get help to fill [illegible] It will open as soon as you [illegible]"

"Yessir, but hurry [illegible]"

As Aiken turned to [illegible] the sound of boat [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] saw the two smokestacks [illegible] at the wheel. I shall have to fight [illegible]

LEARNING A TRADE.

The Danger of Making a Specialist of a Beginner.

[illegible]

DRESS UP FOR SUICIDE.

Said to Be an Invariable Rule With Women Seeking Death.

[illegible] New York Sun.

High Mountains of the Moon.

[illegible]

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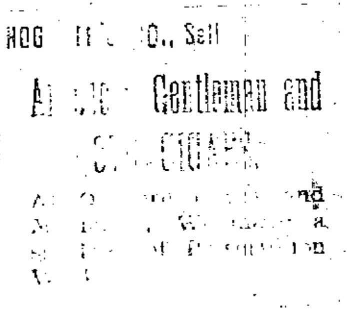

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